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SONGS OF
THE APPLE TREE
WITH
KITH AND KIN,
GATHERED BY
ROBERT MITCHELL FLOYD.

HARVEST—MILL—CIDER—STILL.

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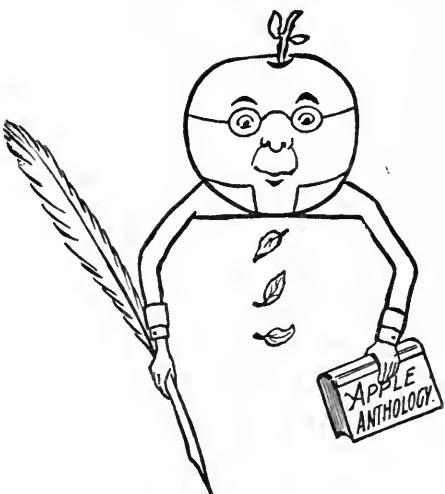
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ABURD.
ALLEGORICAL.
COMIC.
FABLES.
HISTORICAL.
JUVENILE.
KITCHEN.
MEDICAL.
MYTHOLOGICAL.
PARABLES.
PRACTICAL.
PROVERBS.
SENTIMENTAL.
SUPERSTITIONS.
TRADE.



SONGS OF

THE APPLE TREE

WITH

KITH AND KIN,

GATHERED BY

ROBERT MITCHELL FLOYD,

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

HARVEST.

CIDER.

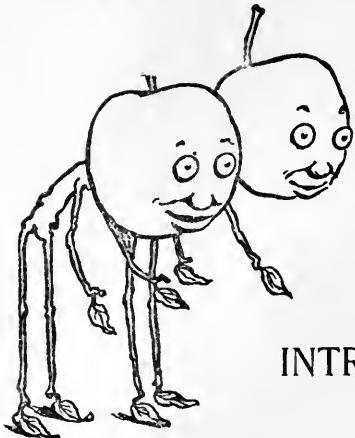
PRESS.

STILL.

PRESS OF
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BOSTON.

MOU

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BY ROBERT MITCHELL FLOYD.
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.



INTRODUCTION.

Of all the fruits with which prodigal nature has blessed mankind, there is none that has entered so intimately into every-day life as the Apple. Surely, then, the poetical side of this old friend, so beautifully and lovingly sung in almost every tongue, brings its own welcome.

We heartily thank both author and publisher for the permission granted us to reproduce copyrighted poems of the Apple family, and for the many warm letters of encouragement, and treasures unearthed from old scrap-books.

If we have unwittingly trespassed upon the property and rights of others, we apologize and beg forgiveness,—in the name of our mutual and lifelong friend, the Apple.

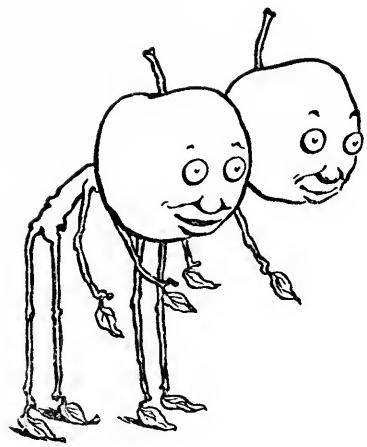
Errors there are many, which we request you to correct, and to make any suggestion that may aid in drawing together overlooked, and to us unknown, poems in print on this branch of the family.

To the spicy fruit now filling your bins and cellars we add the story of “HARVEST, PRESS, CIDER, AND STILL,” and hope, as the seasons come and go, to send forth the songs of “BLOSSOM,” “TREE,” “ORCHARD,” “FRUIT,” “KITCHEN,” “STORY.”

ROBERT MITCHELL FLOYD.

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

November, 1900.



JUST TO EVEN UP.

As mother Eve has always been held responsible for the gift of an apple, and the subsequent tribulations to mankind, I gladly take the chance of dedicating this "Apple Anthology" to the best of all Eve's daughters,— my wife.

THE GATHERER.

A WORD FROM THE CRITIC OF THE PROOFS.

DEAR COLONEL FLOYD:

As your first edition was about to go to press, I, as a person of some experience in manuscripts and a surgeon to wounded letters and words, was called in to read the proofs. But proof-reading has been to me but as a crutch to literature: so let me throw it aside, and as author to author strike a comradely hand in yours, to congratulate you on your interesting collection of homespun rustic verse. If such men as Samuel Thompson and Colonel Loammi Baldwin,—the discoverer and first propagator respectively of the Baldwin apple,—or even such a humble benefactor of the race as old "Johnny Appleseed" of Ohio,—who went about sowing the seeds of this fruit by every stream,—have deserved the benediction of their fellows, I see not why so enthusiastic a gleaner in the poetic field as you may not with good reason look for the gratitude of admirers of genial humor in verse and of all lovers of one of the best fruits that Nature and man ever conspired to make.

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY.

STONECROFT, December 18, 1900.

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE WRITER."

Boston, December 12, 1900.

MR. ROBERT MITCHELL FLOYD.

DEAR MR. FLOYD:

You certainly deserve credit for the pains you have taken in verifying the poems in your interesting collection and in tracing the authorship of those that have become anonymous. The newspapers do great injustice to poets, not only by reprinting poems without taking sufficient care to avoid typographical errors, but also by wilfully "cutting" and changing the author's lines, and by reprinting poems without the authors' names. Misprints in newspapers are perhaps inevitable, but it is always possible for any editor who is reprinting a poem to which the author's name is signed to give credit to the author, as well as to the publication in which the poem originally appeared. No editor, moreover, has any right to "cut" a poem in reprinting it, without indicating the omission. The best indication of the amount of injustice that is done to authors by editors is the number of poems in your collection which, after all the pains you have taken, are still marked "Unknown." I am

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM H. HILLS.

SONGS
OF
THE APPLE TREE.

HARVEST.

APPLE TIME.	George Cooper. Harper's Young People, 1887.	"Tossing its boughs in the breezy morn."
APPLE TIME.	George Cooper. Independent, 1886.	"Come and see the chubby faces."
APPLE TIME.	Unknown.	"Shower-time, flower-time, earth is new and fair."
AT APPLE PICKING TIME.	Mary A. Roberts. Home Magazine.	"When a frosty carpet sparkles in the hollow 'neath the hill."
IN APPLE PICKING TIME.	Unknown. Philadelphia Press.	"I never see an August sun."
THE APPLE PICKING TIME.	M. L. Cavendish. Golden Days, 1896.	"When September's purple asters stay to wreath the October's crown."
IN APPLE TIME.	Unknown. New York Herald.	"When the red is on the apple."
IN APPLE TIME.	Cora Stuart Wheeler. New England Magazine, 1894.	"Out in the orchard, blossoms like snow."
IN APPLE TIME.	Richard Stillman Powell. Brooklyn Life.	"The branches of the apple-trees."
IN APPLE TIME.	Ernest Neal Lyon. Munsey's Magazine.	"In apple-pickin' years ago my father'd say to me."
APPLE GATHERING.	John James Piatt. Landmarks Houghton Mifflin Co.	"The beautiful apples so golden and mellow."
APPLE GATHERING TIME.	J. Otis Swift, Lewiston (Me.) Journal.	"Far from the hills of New England in apple-gathering time."
AN APPLE GATHERING.	Christina Rossetti. Goblin Market, 1862.	"I plucked pink blossoms from mine apple-tree."
GATHERING APPLES.	Hattie Whitney. Saturday Night.	"Haste! up! in the dawn when the heavens are glowing."
THE APPLE GATHERING.	Nathan D. Urner. New York Ledger.	"The gale of last night still sweeps the keys."
THE APPLE GATHERER.	Clinton Scollard. Travelers' Record, 1894.	"When fair October of the year is green."
GREEN APPLE TIME	Anonymous. Somerville Journal.	"The small boy gazeth at the tree."
PICKING APPLES.	Unknown.	"Thick on the drooping branches."
PICKING THE APPLES.	Unknown.	"Apples to pick! Apples to pick!"
A THORN APPLE TRIP.	May Myrtle Cook. St. Nicholas.	"Oh, we went to the woods on a thorn-apple trip!"

SONGS OF THE APPLE TREE.

CIDER.

APPLES AND CIDER.	Unknown.	"I do not like apples."
APOLOGY FOR CIDER.	Unknown.	"Though Frenchmen at our drink may laugh."
A LITTLE MORE CIDER.	Austin Hart. Oliver Ditson Company.	"I love the white girl and the black."
AUTUMN CIDER SONG.	Unknown.	"Fair Autumn stands by the apple- tree."
BARUM WARE AND DEV- ONSHIRE CIDER.	C. W. Dalmon. Song Favours, John Lane.	"All earthenware is dust and clay."
CIDER.	J. G. Holland. Bitter-Sweet.	"Sixteen barrels of cider."
CIDER.	Rollin McNeil. American Grocer.	"Let rosy-cheeked misses and gal- lant young men."
CIDER, DRINK DIVINE.	Unknown.	"Cider, drink divine."
CIDER TIME.	Joe Cone. New York Herald, 1896.	"It's cider-time, sweet cider-time."
CIDER TIME.	Unknown. Chicago Grocer.	"At the turning of the leaves."
CIDER MAKIN' TIME.	Unknown. Chicago Inter-Ocean.	"The dear old cider-makin' time has come around ag'in."
CIDER MAKING TIME.	S. E. Kiser. Chicago Times-Herald	"They are gathering the apples in the orchard on the hill."
IN CIDER TIME.	Clinton Scollard.	"Every hilltop flung a pennon."
DE CIDER IN DE FALL.	Unknown.	"Yo' may talk about yo'r drinkin' all de fines' kind of drinks."
DRAWING THE CIDER.	Unknown.	"To draw the cider we were sent."
GOING FOR CIDER.	Mary D. Brine. Harper's Young People, 1883.	"Little Miss Betty is every one's girl."
GRACE OVER A GLASS OF CIDER.	John James Piatt. Little New World Idyls.	"Not only unto you whose press and vat."
THE YANKEE CIDER PED- DLER.	Elvira Floyd Froemcke. American Cider Maker.	"Wheu Autumn wore her russet gown."
IN PRAISE OF SWEET CIDER.	Dora Read Goodale. Good Housekeeping.	"Sing ho for the cider!"
O CIDER JUG !	Unknown.	"O cider jug that touched the lips!"
SWEET CIDER.	Edith M. Thomas. Lyrics and Sonnets.	"Soul of the apple glorified."
SWEET AND SOUR.	Frank T. Palmer.	"A fellow gathered apples."
SONG OF THE CIDER.	Victor A. Hermann. Chicago Record.	"Sunrise in de orchard ! Eas' wind blowin' cool!"
THE ARBOUR.	C. W. Dalmon. Song Favours.	"Oh, the tap-room in the Winter!"
THE CIDER 'S GITTIN' LOW.	Unknown.	"When the farmer's stock of fodder."
THE OLD CIDER BARREL.	Unknown. Cleveland Leader.	"How clear to my vision 's an old cider barrel."
TO THE RED APPLE'S JUICE.	Frank J. Gallagher.	"Here's a tune to the red apple."
WATER, FAT, AND CIDER.	Unknown. American Cider Maker.	"Uncle Daniel loved to fish, an' next he loved to eat 'em."
WHEN THE CIDER SUZZLES.	H. S. Kellar. Puck's Library.	"Rastus, heap de wood up."
YABLOCHNI KVAS.	George Turberville.	"Folk fit to be of Bacchus' train."

SONGS OF THE APPLE TREE.

PRESS.

THE BACK NUMBER CIDER MILL.	Unknown. American Cider Maker.	"How well we remember some scenes of our childhood!"
THE CIDER MILL.	Marion F. Ham. Southern Magazine, 1894.	"Through the years I send you greeting."
THE CIDER MILL.	Charles Gates. Harper's Magazine, 1866.	"Under the blue New England skies."
THE OLD CIDER MILL.	N. L. Duntley. Boston Herald.	"Just now, when ripened punkins shine."
THE OLD CIDER MILL.	Joe Cone. Taunton News.	"You can have your tinted clarets and your wines both old and rare."
THE OLD CIDER MILL.	William Edward Penny.	"I allers have said, 'nd I say it yit."
THE OLD CIDER MILL.	Clara Augusta. American Agriculturist, 1895.	"In the early days of Autumn, when the maples put on their red."
THE OLD CIDER MILL.	Unknown. American Cider Maker.	"Just at the hour when chanticleer."

STILL.

SESSEX COUNTY APPLE JACK.	G. B. Hynson. Milford News.	"Sessex County apple-jack."
THE DRINKING OF THE APPLE JACK.	George Arnold. New York Com'l Advertiser.	"Come, let us drink the apple-jack."

HARVEST.

APPLE-TIME.

Come and see the chubby faces
 Peep from under lifted leaves
 Which the noisy breeze displaces —
 What a jolly tune it weaves !
 Crimson faces, scarlet faces,
 Faces green, and gold, and brown ;
 For a troop of tricksy goblins
 Only last night wandered down,
 In apple-time !

How the rough old Boughs are tossing
 In the cool and crispy air !
 Do you hear the children crossing
 O'er the meadows, here and there ?
 Goblin faces, peeping, hiding,
 Seem to greet them every one ;
 And the orchard-rows are ringing
 With the frolic and the fun,
 In apple-time !

Oh, the little hands that dip in
 Baskets shallow, baskets deep,
 Where the Russet and the Pippin
 Mingle in a shining heap !
 Long before the sunset's glory
 Orchard boughs are lone and bare ;
 But another golden Autumn
 Sees the goblin faces there,
 In apple-time !

GEORGE COOPER.

New York Independent. October 14, 1886.

APPLE-TIME.

Tossing its boughs in the breezy morn,
 The mossed old apple-tree laughs to scorn
 The skies that lower, the rains that fall,
 And chuckles : "I've plenty here for all !
 All Summer I've drunk the silver dew ;
 The sunshine has steeped me through and through ;
 Come ! gather the fruit I've saved for you,
 This rare October morning !

"Under my shade, all the Summer long,
 The quaint red robins have sung their song ;
 The lambs have slumbered, the grasses grown ;
 But now I am left here all alone.
 Yet blithely I take my ease, nor sigh,
 Though keen are the winds that whistle by ;
 A rugged old apple-tree am I,
 This brisk October morning !

"Little ones, little ones, come with a shout,
 For here I'm spreading my broad arms out !
 The year is singing a sweet good-bye ;
 Like flames around me the dead leaves lie.
 Full soon I'll be clad in ice and snow ;
 But look ! with their gold and ruby glow
 The prettiest bubbles for you I'll blow,
 This clear October morning !"

GEORGE COOPER.

Harper's Young People. October, 1887.

APPLE-TIME.

Shower-time, flower-time, earth is new and fair ;
May-time, hay-time, blossoms everywhere ;
Nest-time, best time, days have longer grown ;
Leaf-time, brief time, make it all your own ;
Berry-time, cherry-time, songs of bird and bee ;
But, of all the gay times, apple-time for me.
Wheat-time, sweet time, in the closing year ;
Sheaf-time, leaf-time, now will disappear ;
Yellow ones and mellow ones, dropping from the tree ;
Rusty Coats and Pippins, apple-time for me.

UNKNOWN.

AT APPLE-PICKIN' TIME.

When a frosty carpet sparkles in the hollow 'neath the hill,
And the night-chilled earth is waking from the dawning white and still,
Oh, the air is crisp and bracing as a breeze from o'er the brine,
Full of Nature's pungent nectar — at apple-pickin' time !

The leaves are golden yellow, the nuts are turning brown,
And milkweed seeds sail gayly by on their air-ships' silky down ;
Bold spiders, daring aéronauts, in filmy fastness float,
A cobweb cable streaming from every wind-tossed boat ;
The air from purple vintage is heavy with new wine,
Farewell madrigals the blackbirds sing — at apple-pickin' time.

Oh, the wealth of bearing orchards ! Oh, Hesperides' globes of gold !
And apples red as rubies that Autumn's full hands hold !
Fragrant as the fabled attar is the Pippin in its prime ;
Short-lived Autumn is a prodigal — at apple-pickin' time.

Home Magazine.

MARY A. ROBERTS.

IN APPLE-PICKING TIME.

I never see an August sun
 And mellow haze along the plain,
 And hear the cricket's lonesome chirp,
 And watch the brassy skies for rain,
 But out of all the long-gone past
 My youth comes back in joyful prime,
 When days like these foretold the wealth
 Of Autumn's apple-picking time !

The streamlet's lazy tinkle o'er
 Its pebbly bed, now but a rill ;
 The thistle-downs that idly float
 And wander at the zephyr's will ;
 The silent birds among the trees ;
 The distant cow-bell's tinkling rhyme —
 Are round me as I live again
 In Autumn's apple-picking time !

Again I walk with beating heart
 The fragrant apple-scented aisles,
 Where underneath the spreading boughs
 Sweet Jenny stands with dimpling smiles,
 Her apron stretched to catch the spoils,
 As up the tree I quickly climb.
 To match her crimson cheeks, they fall,
 In Autumn's apple-picking time !

Sweet eyes that dance and dance again,
 Sweet lips that play at hide-and-seek
 With fleeting dimples, as I gaze
 Till courage falters, faint and weak ;
 Alas ! alas ! with years long gone,
 Ye come from memory's sunny clime,
 To mock the days that sadly breathe
 Of Autumn's apple-picking time !

THE APPLE-PICKING TIME.

When September's purple asters stay to wreath the October's crown,
 And the misty, wooded hill-slopes are red and golden brown ;
 When morns are hazy purple, and wild geese eastward fly,
 And fiery crimsons linger late along the evening sky ;
 When swallows on the barn roofs perch, to chatter of their flight ;
 When hints of frost are in the air, and crickets chirp at night —
 Then come the pleasant days we love in Autumn's mellow prime,
 The jolliest days of all the year, — the apple-picking time.
 For the laden boughs are bending low o'er all the orchard ways,
 The apples' cheeks are burning red, and father smiles and says,
 Some sparkling morn : "I think to-day we might as well begin.
 Be smart now, boys ! You'll need a week to get those apples in."

There are fresh young voices 'mong the trees, and peals of laughter gay,
 And the ruddy pile on the granary floor grows bigger every day ;
 While the tired old Earth a-napping lies, in mellow, magic light,
 And there are tired hands and happy hearts in the old farm-house at night ;
 For we pick from dawn till the Autumn moon shines over the poplar hill,
 And the stars peep down through the orchard boughs, and the world is
 hushed and still.
 And when the market-apples have been carefully gathered in,
 And every nook and corner 's filled in granary, house, and bin,
 The best fun 's still to come, when, in the orchard on the hill,
 We pick the cider-apples and cart them to the mill.
 What frolic and what shouting ! Those apples need no care :
 Just climb the trees and shake them down in pattering hundreds there.

It's fine down Winter's gleaming hills with arrow's speed to fly,
 Or wade in some dusk woodland pool when Spring comes wandering by ;
 It's pleasant to listen in Summer hours to the breeze's wordless rhyme,
 But it's jollier far just to be alive in the apple-picking time.

M. L. CAVENDISH.

Golden Days. October 3, 1896.

IN APPLE-TIME.

When the red is on the apple,
And the apple 's on the tree,
When Myrtilla with her basket
Flings a saucy glance at me,
All the joys of all the seasons
Ripen in a rosy glee,
When the red is on the apple,
And the apple 's on the tree.

New York Herald.

UNKNOWN.

IN APPLE-TIME.

Out in the orchard, blossoms like snow
Fall in early Summer days ;
Out in the orchard, wavering low,
Droop the boughs in Autumn's haze.

Apples, roseate, mellow and ripe,
Morsels rare for young and old ;
Sweet when the blossoms fall swift and white,
Sweeter yet in red and gold.

Most royal gift that is ever good,
Given to master and man ;
Drink to the thirsty ; to hunger, food —
Since Adam the race began !

CORA STUART WHEELER.

New England Magazine. 1894.

IN APPLE-TIME.

The branches of the apple-trees
With ruddy fruit bend low,
And waken tender memories
Of days of long ago,
When I, a care-free, merry lad,
Thought perfect ecstasy
Was just to be a grown-up man
And own an apple-tree !

But now, although they please my eye
With all their warmth of hue,
Somehow they don't agree with me
As once they used to do.
And, oh ! I'd give a deal if I
For just a while might be
A naughty little boy again
In some one's apple-tree !

IN APPLE-TIME.

In apple-pickin,' years ago, my father 'd say to me :

“ There's jest a few big fellows, Jim, away up in the tree.
 You shinny up 'n' git 'em ; don't let any of 'em fall,
 Fur fallen fruit is skersely wuth the getherin' at all.”
 Then I'd climb up to the very top o' that old apple-tree,
 'N' find them apples waitin', — my ! what bouncin' ones they'd be ! —
 'N', with the biggest in my mouth, I'd clamber down again,
 'N', if I tore my pantaloons, it didn't matter — then !

Sence then, in all my ups 'n' downs, 'n' travellin' around,

I never saw good apples, boys, a-lyin' on the ground.
 Sometimes, of course, they look all right, — the outside may be fair ;
 But, when you come to sample 'em, you'll find a worm-hole there.
 Then leave behind the windfall, 'n' fruit on branches low.
 The crowd gits smaller all the time, the higher up you go.
 The top has many prizes that are temptin' you 'n' me,
 But, if we want to taste 'em, *we've got to climb the tree !*

APPLE-GATHERING.

The beautiful apples, so golden and mellow
 They will fall at a kiss of the breeze,
 While it breathes through the foliage frosty and yellow,
 And the sunshine is filling the trees.
 Though high in the light wind they gladly would linger
 On the boughs where their blossoms were found,
 Yet they drop at a breath, at the touch of a finger
 They shatter their cores on the ground.

Through the morn of October while Autumn is trying
 With all things to make believe Spring,
 How the leaves of the orchard around us are flying !
 The heavens with jubilee ring !
 The ladders in breezes of sunshine are swinging,
 The farmer-boys gladden and climb :—
 To gather the fruit, they are swaying and singing,—
 Glad hearts to glad voices keep time.

Far down the bright air they are happy to listen
 To the noise of the mill and the flail,
 And the waters that laugh as they leap and they glisten
 From the dam that is lighting the vale ;
 The wild flutter of bells that so dreamily rises
 From the glades where the cows wander slow,
 And the laughter of faces in childish surprises
 When the wind flings an apple below.

Oh, see ! in the trees that are drinking the splendor
 How the gladness of boyhood is seen !
 How they shake all the branches so windy and slender,
 And a quick golden rain is between !
 High and higher they climb, till the grasses are cover'd
 With the fruits that were sweet April flowers,
 And the yellowing leaves that all over them hover'd
 Flutter down with the apples in showers.

The harvests are garnered, the meadows are burning
At sunset in golden and brown ;
The apples are gather'd, the wagons returning :
The Winter may bluster and frown !
The blind-drifting snows may make barren the even,
Dark twilights may shiver with rain ;
But the apples and cider by Summer are given —
Give Winter to Summer again !

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

“Landmarks.” Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

APPLE-GATHERING TIME.

Far from the hills of New England in apple-gathering time
 The sons of Maine look back, and long for the rich fruit in its prime.
 They see the blush of the orange and the wine grapes turning red ;
 They sigh for the apple-gath'ring and the cider-mill, instead.
 Ho for the mash and the presses, the spigot and dripping flue ;
 Two straws stuck into a bunghole ; two red lips smiling at you ;
 A laughing face too close to yours ! Oh, what is it there for ?
 A cidery kiss, and a blush, and — only a broken straw !

The world has its famous beauties, over and over again.
 For me, the girl with laughing lips, yes, the brown-eyed girl of Maine !
 Give me the old stone cider-jug, foaming and glist'ning to brim,
 With four lips close to the frothing, and two oat-straws long and slim.
 Up from the dark old cellar bring me an apple that's red
 With color to match the sunset when the sun goeth to bed.
 Down from the attic, grim-rafter'd, bring me a trace of popcorn !
 And we will sit by the hearthstone together and pop it till the morn.

Ho for the hills of New England, with the Baldwins hanging high,
 Kissed by the frosts of October and the sunshine from the sky !
 The girl with the apron gathers the Greenings down from the bough.
 I hear her call and her laughter ! It's ringing around me now.
 Next Winter, up from the cellars, when the snows lie deep in Maine,
 She'll come with her apron loaded, bringing the apples again.
 Around the hearth in the evening the apples will sputter and hiss,
 And the maiden, warm'd by the firelight, will grant you a stolen kiss.

AN APPLE-GATHERING.

I plucked pink blossoms from mine apple-tree,
 And wore them all that evening in my hair ;
 Then in due season, when I went to see,
 I found no apples there.

With dangling basket, all along the grass,
 As I had come I went the self-same track ;
 My neighbors mocked me while they saw me pass
 So empty-handed back.

Lilian and Lilias smiled in trudging by ;
 Their heaped-up basket teased me like a jeer.
 Sweet-voiced they sang beneath the sunset sky,
 Their mother's home was near.

Plump Gertrude passed me with her basket full ;
 A stronger hand than hers helped it along ;
 A voice talked with her through the shadows cool,
 More sweet to me than song.

Ah, Willie, Willie, was my love less worth
 Than apples with their green leaves piled above ?
 I counted rosiest apples on the earth
 Of far less worth than love.

So once it was with me you stooped to talk,
 Laughing and listening in this very lane.
 To think that by this way we used to walk
 We shall not walk again !

I let my neighbors pass me, ones and twos
 And groups ; the latest said the night grew chill,
 And hastened ; but I loitered, while the dews
 Fell fast I loitered still.

GATHERING APPLES.

Haste ! up ! in the dawn when the heavens are glowing
 Like rarest of garnets and richest of wine,
 When out of the forest the breezes are blowing
 The wood-breathing fragrance of cedar and pine ;

And hie to the orchard with light-hearted carol,
 Where apples are shining like nuggets of gold ;
 With riches we'll heap every basket and barrel,
 And hail the old orchard with treasures untold.

Let thankful hearts sing to the praise of the Giver
 (And how could our lips or our spirits be mute?)
 For green smiling valley, and blue shining river,
 And orchard trees bending with nectar-like fruit.

Oh, fairest of jewels, all rosily splendid,
 That ever grew red under amethyst skies!
 Oh, globules of sweetness and juiciness blended,
 Again shall we greet you in fragrant brown pies !

Sweet Hallie, my dear, we have mayed in the tangles
 Of flower-grown thickets, in sun-loving May ;
 We have foraged for nuts when the Autumn-wrought spangles
 Of frost were a-glitter on every brown spray.

But give me the days when the rubicund treasures
 Hang, ready to fall at the touch of the breeze ;
 How many a vision of Autumn-time pleasures
 Is tangled and twined in the sturdy old trees !

Let one more be added, O Hallie, dear Hallie,
 A tender remembrance of low-whispered vows ;
 And we'll think, when the snow-drifts are white in the valley,
 Of a troth that was plighted 'neath fruit-laden boughs.

THE APPLE-GATHERING.

The gale of last night still sweeps the keys
 To which it is good to listen,
 And all under the boughs of the apple-trees
 The round-cheeked windfalls glisten.
 The boys and the girls of the homestead brown
 To the jocund gathering centre,
 And the farmer is letting the fence-bars down
 For the cider-mill team to enter.

Hurrah for the apple-gathering,
 The blithest of rustic duties !
 Come, let us be quick, and together bring
 The speckled and streakèd beauties.
 You, Tommy, pick up the Pippins, while
 Little Nelly collects the Greenings,
 And of Golden-sweets in another pile
 Meg and I shall lump our gleanings.

While Willie the Seek-no-further seeks,
 Spry Jack 's with the Baldwins busy ;
 And the Bellflowers, Russets, and Ladies' Cheeks
 Are left to Eugene and Lizzie.
 No shaking of trees ! The windfalls, boys,
 We've a right to the windfalls only ;
 Without what still on the boughs rejoice
 The apple-parings were lonely.

A separate pile to each separate tree,
 Though here is the wagon, scorning
 Our pretty assortments, swallowing free
 All species without a warning.
 So gather them up, and tumble them in,
 For the fruitiest harvest messes.
 Whoa ! Gee up ! Rattle wheel and pin !
 And ho for the cider-presses !

Hurrah for the apple-gathering,
The blithest of country pleasures !
Come, let us together the praises sing
Of the sweetest of windfall treasures.
The fruit on the bough, the fruit on the grass,
The fruit on its mission roaming !
Then the grinding crush and the dripping mass
And the apple-juice sweet and foaming !

New York Ledger.

NATHAN D. URNER.

THE APPLE=GATHERER.

When fair October of the year is queen,
Ere yet the woodland of its pride is shorn,
And line on line are pitched the tents of corn,
Where, fallen suns, the pumpkins burn between,
When fleeing feathered argosies are seen,
And tingling is the winy air of morn,
The apple-gatherer fills his plenteous horn
With ruddy ingots from a rich demesne.

Upon no fabled dragon, as of old,
To gain the boon must he make onset bold ;
But while the south blows its melodious flute,
And skies are hazed with harmonies of gold,
'Tis his to store against the Winter's cold
Great juicy heaps of Hesperidean fruit.

GREEN-APPLE TIME.

The small boy gazeth at the tree
Where, on the swaying limb,
The apple hangeth, small and green,
And, oh! it tempteth him!
Forgotten are his mother's words
Of warning against sin;
He shieth first some rocks at it,
Then up the tree doth shin.

He reacheth finally the bough,
And reacheth for the fruit,
(It taketh the small boy, indeed,
An apple-tree to loot).
He eateth it, seed, core, and all,
Without a bit of fear.
And doth it hurt him? Not a bit!
He doth it every year!

PICKING APPLES.

Thick on the drooping branches
The leaves are shining green,
With flow'ry crimson apples
All glowing in between ;
With bare white arms uplifted,
In every motion grace,
Gleaming tresses floating
Around her winsome face ;
With dainty rounded ankles
That her kirtle 's shyly kicking,
A witching little maiden
Stood tiptoe, apples picking.

I've danced with courtly ladies
Where wealth and beauty met,
And thrilled at languid glances
From blonde and fair brunette ;
I've waded deep the sticky mud
With belles from country chapels, —
But this sweet maid plucked out my heart
As she plucked the red, red apples.

UNKNOWN.

PICKING THE APPLES.

Apples to pick ! apples to pick !
 Come with a basket and come with a stick.
 Rustle the leaves and shake them down,
 And let every boy take care of his crown.

There you go, Tommy ! Up with you, Jim !
 Crawl to the end of that crooked limb.
 Carefully pick the fairest and best ;
 Now for a shake, and down come the rest !

Thump ! thump ! down they come raining !
 Shake away ! shake, till not one is remaining.
 Hopping off here, and popping off there,
 Apples and apples are everywhere.

Golden Russets, with sunburnt cheek ;
 Fat, ruddy Baldwins, jolly and sleek ;
 Pippins, not much when they meet your eyes,
 But wait till you see them in tarts and pies !

Where are the Pumpkin Sweets ? Oh, here !
 Where are the Northern Spies ? Oh, there !
 And there are the Nodheads, and here are the Snows,
 And yonder the Porter, best apple that grows.

Beautiful Bellefleurs, yellow as gold,
 Think not we're leaving you out in the cold ;
 And dear fat Greenings, so prime to bake,
 I'll eat one of you now, for true love's sake !

Oh, bright is the Autumn sun o'erhead,
 And bright are the piles of gold and red !
 And rosy and bright as the apples themselves
 Are Jim, Tom, and Harry, as merry as elves.

A THORN-APPLE TRIP.

Oh, we went to the woods on a Thorn-apple trip,
For the apples that blaze from the low branch's tip !

For the sky was so blue,
The white clouds peeping through,
There was nothing to do
But to give all the world and its people the slip
And away to the woods on a Thorn-apple trip.

Then the woodpecker bowed, in his gay scarlet hood,
And the crow swung aloft in the tall cottonwood
While he called his "Caw, caw!"
To lay down the law
To these strangers he saw.

Then down under the fence in the best way we could —
And — all hail! — we're at last in the Thorn-apple wood.

Then a rush for the trees, and a fall or a slip,
Up and onward again with a laugh and a quip!
Now a toss of a stick,
Or a limb shaken quick,
And the apples fall thick

As the eager young robbers the bent branches strip
And hurrah for the woods and the Thorn-apple trip!

For we went to the woods on a Thorn-apple trip,
For the apples that blaze from the low branch's tip !
Then hurrah for the sun,
And the laugh and the fun,
For the tumble and run,
And again with me join in the loyal hip, hip,
Hurrah, for the woods and the Thorn-apple trip!

CIDER.

APPLES AND CIDER.

The Story of a Maiden's Dislikes, with Parenthetical Remarks.

“I do not like apples !”

’Twas easily said.

I do not like apples,
Though rosy and red.

’Twas the pain of my childhood ;
You've all felt the same,
When, with greedy young haste,
You've determined to taste
From the neighboring orchard,
Though often forbid,
The green, tempting fruit ;
And you're sorry you did,
When, an hour or two later,
You cry out in pain :
“I'll not do it again !
No ! I do not like apples !”

“I do not like apples !”
When a maid in my teens
The old thought came again ;
And in bitterest spleen
I'd repeat the refrain
At the school, when the prize
Went to some other girl,
When the boy I adored
Found no charm in my curls,
When my prettiest frock
And my daintiest hat
Were cut out by some other,
Their effect falling flat ;
Like the fox with the grapes,
Though at heart I was sore,
I'd a stiff upper lip,
And I cried out once more
“I do not like apples !”

[If some one had only tried 'er
 With a glass of glorious cider,
 All such notions would have vanished,
 All such prejudice be banished ;
 She'd have thought her views quite wrong,
 She'd have sung a different song
 Of the fruit whose flowing juices
 From the press a drink produces
 Fit for gods !
 Oh, glorious cider,
 If some one had only tried 'er !]

“ I do not like apples ! ”
 A change came one day
 When, at sweet seventeen,
 Cousin Bob came my way ;
 Cousin Bob was a soldier,
 So handsome and bold,
 With the sweetest moustache,
 And just twenty years old.
 He'd ne'er fought a battle,
 But 'twas no reason why,
 If his country had called him,
 He'd not make a good try.
 But in love-making — oh,
 No rival he had !
 Every maid at his coming
 Felt trembling and glad.

Guess what was my joy
 When I learnt one fine day
 Cousin Bob's heart was mine,
 He'd elected to stay !
 Then he sat by my side,
 And, in accents so soft,
 He told me a tale
 That's repeated full oft:
 How a long time ago,
 In a garden so fair,
 A man and a woman
 Began this affair
 With the gift of an apple.
 'Twas Adam and Eve, —
 The first of love-makers,
 He'd have me believe.

But, as Bob told the story,— be it false, be it true—
I cried, with delight, and a sentiment new,
“ I’m sure I *love* apples ! ”

[Thus it was her cousin tried ’er,
She was fruit and he was ’side ’er.
“ Pleasant, very,”
Thought the fairy,
“ Is this sort of cider ! ”
Soon Bob had the maid confessing
That, like girls
With sunny curls,
Red-cheek’d apples were worth pressing.]

American Cider Maker.

UNKNOWN.

APOLOGY FOR CIDER.

Though Frenchmen at our drink may laugh,
 And think their taste is wondrous fine,
 The Norman cider that we quaff
 Is quite the equal of their wine,
 When down, down, down it freely goes,
 And charms the palate as it flows.

Whene'er a potent draught I take,
 How dost thou bid me drink again !
 Yet, pray, for my affection's sake,
 Dear Cider, do not turn my brain.
 Oh, down, down, down it freely goes,
 And charms the palate as it flows.

I find I never lose my wits,
 However freely I carouse,
 And never try in angry fits
 To raise a tempest in the house,
 Though down, down, down the cider goes,
 And charms the palate as it flows.

To strive for riches is all stuff,
 Just take the goods the gods have sent ;
 A man is sure to have enough
 If with his own he is content —
 As down, down, down the cider goes,
 And charms the palate as it flows.

In truth that was a hearty bout;
 Why, not a drop is left, not one !
 I feel I've put my thirst to rout;
 The stubborn foe at last is gone,
 So down, down, down the cider goes,
 And charms the palate as it flows.

A LITTLE MORE CIDER.

I love the white girl and the black,
 And I love all the rest,
 I love the girls for loving me,
 But I love myself the best.
 Oh dear, I am so thirsty !
 I've just been down to supper,
 I drank three pails of apple jack
 And a tub of apple butter.

Chorus :

A little more cider, too,
 A little more cider, too,
 A little more cider for Miss Dinah,
 A little more cider, too.

When first I saw Miss Snow-flake,
 'Twas on Broadway I spied her,
 I'd give my hat and boots, I would,
 If I could been beside her.
 She looked at me, I looked at her,
 And then I crossed the street,
 And then she smiling said to me :
 "A little more cider sweet."

Oh, I wish I was an apple,
 And Snow-flake was another !
 Oh, what a pretty pair we'd make,
 Upon a tree together !
 How bad de darkies all would feel,
 When on the tree they spied her,
 To think how happy we would be
 When we're made into cider !

But now old age comes creeping on,
 We grow down am don't get bigger,
 And cider sweet and sour then,
 And I am just de nigger ;
 But let the cause be what it will,
 Short, small, or long or wider,
 She am de apple of my soul,
 And I'm bound to be beside her.

AUTUMN CIDER-SONG.

Fair Autumn stands by the apple-tree,
 (Ah ! but the Winter follows !)
 And drops the bright leaves down to me,
 Or blows them away on the north wind free
 Across the meadow, across the lea,
 Over the hills and hollows.

The squirrel runs to the chestnut tall,
 (Ho ! but the Frost's cold fingers !)
 And rattling down the ripe nuts fall ;
 But never a squirrel shall have them all
 While the lads and lassies merrily call
 Through orchards where the apple lingers.

The witch-hazel waves her fringe of gold,
 (Hark ! to the winds a-blowing !)
 The hunter's moon shines over the wold,
 The days grow short and the nights grow cold,
 And the weary year is getting old,
 While the cider flood is growing.

BARUM WARE AND DEVONSHIRE CIDER.

All earthenware is dust and clay,
 And dust and clay is ev'ry man ;
 And, if you can't be easy — well,
 Just be as easy as you can.
 Oh, some have thin Venetian glass
 From which to drink their foreign cheer,
 But give us cups of Barum ware
 And cider made in Devonshire !

Do something, if you can, I pray ;
 I pray you, something, good or bad.
 Be merry while it is to-day,
 To-morrow we may all be sad.
 Oh, some have thin Venetian glass
 From which to drink their foreign cheer,
 But give us cups of Barum ware
 And cider made in Devonshire !

Preserve us from cross women's tongues,
 From coppers, duns, and all disgrace ;
 And, when one cask is empty, may
 A full one always takes its place !
 Oh, some have thin Venetian glass
 From which to drink their foreign cheer,
 But give us cups of Barum ware
 And cider made in Devonshire !

C. W. DALMON.

“Song Favours.” London : John Lane. 1895.

CIDER.

Sixteen barrels of cider
 Ripening all in a row !
 Open the vent-channels wider !
 See the froth, drifted like snow,
 Blown by the tempest below !
 Those delectable juices
 Flowed through the sinuous sluices
 Of sweet springs under the orchard,
 Climbed into fountains that chained them,
 Dripped into cups that retained them,
 And swelled till they dropped, and we gained them.
 Then they were gathered and tortured
 By passage from hopper to vat,
 And fell,— every apple crushed flat.
 Ah ! how the bees gathered round them,
 And how delicious they found them !
 Oat-straw, as fragrant as clover,
 Was platted and smoothly turned over,
 Weaving a neatly-ribbed basket ;
 And, as they built up the casket,
 In went the pulp by the scoop-full,
 Till the juice flowed by the stoup-full,
 Filling the half of a puncheon
 While the men swallowed their luncheon.
 Pure grew the stream with the stress
 Of the lever and screw,
 Till the last drops from the press
 Were as bright as the dew.
 There were these juices spilled ;
 There were these barrels filled ;
 Sixteen barrels of cider
 Ripening all in a row !
 Open the vent-channels wider !
 See the froth, drifted like snow,
 Blown by the tempest below !

CIDER.

Let rosy-cheeked misses and gallant young men
 Rejoice in the flash and the foam of champagne ;
 But, by Jupiter's nectar, I'm happiest when
 I sit by my fire and muddle my brain
 With cider, hard cider, delectable juice
 Of rosy-cheeked beauties that grew on yon tree,
 Expressed at a primitive mill for the use
 Of old Abram, who drops in to tipple with me !

As we sit by our fire on a cold Winter night,
 Close drawing our chairs to the rioting blaze,
 Inspired by a draught, we are blessed with a sight
 That pierces the mist of our earlier days ;
 And the beat of our hearts is in tune with the joys
 That burned in our bosoms long Winters ago,
 Ere dignity called us away from the "boys,"
 And Age chilled our hearts and our heads with his snow.

'Tis a humble contrivance, — this pitcher of ours, —
 A noseless old thing, but big-bellied and full,
 Dispensing its blessings in plentiful showers,
 As it comes to our lips for a vigorous "pull" ;
 And we laugh, and we chat, and we smoke, and we sing —
 For convivial souls are old Abram and I —
 Till our heads and the rafters in unison ring,
 And the wind stops to listen, then, shrieking, sweeps by.

But the house dog, good fellow (he knows us too well),
 Just thumps his brown tail on the hard kitchen floor,
 And opens an eye as our choruses swell,
 Then shuts it again, and sleeps on as before ;
 While we drink, last of all, to the fated and true
 Who bade us good-bye years ago ; and we shed
 A tear of regret, ere we part, for the few
 Who linger on earth when its pleasures have fled.

CIDER, DRINK DIVINE.

Cider, drink divine,
Why should drivellers bore us
With the praise of wine
Whilst we've thee before us ?
Send it gayly round ;
Life would be no pleasure
If man had not found
This enchanting treasure.

Bright as Beauty's eye,
When no sorrow veils it ;
Sweet as Beauty's sigh,
When young love inhales it ;
If Anacreon — who
Was the grape's best poet —
Had e'er tasted you,
How his verse would show it !

Could my feeble lays
Half thy virtues number,
A whole grove of bays
Should my brows encumber.
Cider, drink divine,
Why should drivellers bore us
With the praise of wine
Whilst we've thee before us ?

UNKNOWN.

CIDER-TIME.

It's cider-time, sweet cider-time.

I know a mossy mill,
With open roof and beaten sides,
Just underneath the hill.
It's grinding now with measured tread,
Windfalls are in their prime ;
And boys with straws are there, because
It's early cider-time.

The cider pile is just outside,
With Pippins and a score
Of different kinds where we would fill
Our pockets up galore.
The steady crunch, the dripping cheese,
What golden thoughts for rhyme !
I'm ill at ease and hard to please —
Along in cider-time.

The evening gloom is shutting in,
I see the misty lane ;
I hear the tree-toad's sleepy cry
Come o'er the lowland plain.
I would I were far off from here ;
I would commit a crime,
I'd steal so still into the mill
And have a cider-time !

JOE CONE.

New York Sunday Herald. September 20, 1896.

CIDER-TIME.

At the turning of the leaves,
 "When the frost is on the pumpkin
 And the fodder 's in the shock,"
 There's a suggestion for the grocer
 In the ordering of his stock.

There's a turning from green things,
 An' things that's red an' meller,
 To good old-fashioned apple-juice
 Fermentin' in the cellar.

There's a gatherin' round the fireside
 An' a sort o' gingerin' up,—
 Reward, you know, for Summer's work,
 A sparklin' in the cup

Containin' Nature's healthful beverage,
 First that Adam thought so nice,
 When the only store of knowledge
 Was a tree in Paradise.

From old Adam down we've cherished it,
 An' loved it for the sake
 Of boyhood recollections
 Its coming seems to wake.

If you don't display your cider
 Round the season of the frost,
 Your store is void of sentiment
 And that much trade is lost.

CIDER-MAKIN' TIME.

The dear old cider-makin' time has come around agin,
 An' I feel so awful tickled that it seems almost a sin ;
 Fer onct I heard the preacher say, with face twelve inches long :
 "When little chaps gets tickled, they's surely somethin' wrong."
 But I can't help bein' happy when I see the orchard trees
 Jist a-breakin' down with apples, an' I hear the hummin' bees
 Gittin' jist so drunk on cider that they gether everywhere,
 That they stagger in their flyin' and wabble through the air.
 No matter what the preacher says, it surely is a crime
 Fer boys to be not tickled in the cider-makin' time.

Oh, it's fun to git up airy on the cider-makin' day !
 The air 's so stimulatin' it drives the blues away,
 An' makes a feller go about a-singin' ev'rywhere
 With heart so light and happy that he doesn't think of care.
 It's fun to bring the apples, — them big red Northern Spies
 That make such jolly dumplin's and big, fat, juicy pies,
 An' the Russets an' the Pippins, some sweet an' others sour
 Oh, I love to eat and smell 'em an' taste 'em by the hour !
 Then the grindin' of the apples is a mighty pleasant sound —
 When some other feller's muscles makes the heavy wheel go round —
 An' the drippin' an' the pourin' of the cider in the tub,
 When they put the pressure on it, is a purty rub-a-dub.

At last we git the barrel full, and then we have to stop
 An' turn it on its bosom with the bung-hole on the top.
 Then comes the sweetest pleasure that mortal ever saw,
 Of suckin' hallelujah through the bung-hole with a straw.
 I know you'll all forgive me for borin' you with rhyme,
 Fer I feel so awful jolly in the cider-makin' time.

CIDER-MAKING TIME.

They are gathering the apples in the orchard on the hill,
They are carrying the baskets to the humming cider-mill ;
The breeze is blowing sweetly and the Autumn days are fair,
The happy farmer whistles as he works away, out there ;
And the smoke is curling upward, as it used to, long ago,
When the winds that made our noses rather moist began to blow.

Down the crumpled leaves are dancing from the branches overhead,
And the doves are softly cooing on the weather-beaten shed ;
The ground is strewn with pumpkins where the corn is cut away,
And the slopes beyond the valley lie in something soft and gray,
While a sort of dreamy music issues from the humming mill
And the wind is blowing softly through the orchard on the hill.

They are gathering the apples that the winds have shaken down,
And the child is full of wonder who is visiting from town,
Oh, an amber stream of something fit for gods is flowing out,
While a daring yellow-jacket sips serenely from the spout !
Ah, the mill is humming gayly as the golden apples fall,
And the frugal farmer 's busy grinding up the worms and all.

IN CIDER-TIME.

Every hilltop flung a pennon
 Flecked with red or amber stain ;
 Fiery maples marched like men on
 Some embattled Dunsinane.
 Sumacs flared, a crimson study,
 On the day I rode with Bess,
 With our load so ripe and ruddy,
 Toward the bubbling cider-press.

When the ardent sunlight caught her
 Braided hair and burned it gold,
 Fair she looked as Atlas' daughter
 Of the famèd isle of old.
 Laughter lurked her Cupid lip in,
 Though she seemed a maiden meek,
 And as tempting as a Pippin
 Was the flush upon her cheek.

Sweet was the ambrosial vintage
 Yielded by the orchard side,
 With the Autumn's mellow tintage
 In the sparkle of its tide.
 Yet, with love as lip director,
 On the day I rode with Bess
 Did I quaff a sweeter nectar
 Than the cider from the press !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

DE CIDER IN DE FALL.

Yo' may talk about yo'r drinkin' all de fines' kind of drinks,
 Ob smilin' on de soda man and givin' forty winks ;
 But y'or sizzin' fountain doan' amoun' toe anyt'ing at all
 Wid de color an' de coolness ob de cider in de Fall.

De cider in de Fall,
 Whar de birds ob Autumn sing,
 An' de cool breeze cuts hits capers
 An' de corn blossoms swing.

Ain't any style about it — toe a feller in de South ;
 Jist git down on yo'r all-four till hit cools around yo'r mouth,
 W'en hit feels de cool a-comin' from de cider in de Fall.

De cider in de Fall,
 Whar de birds ob Autumn sing,
 An' de cool breeze cuts hits capers,
 An' de corn blossoms swing.

UNKNOWN.

DRAWING THE CIDER.

To draw the cider we were sent,
We two on mirth and mischief bent.
She bore the candle flaring high ;
The old blue-figured pitcher, I.

What shadows o'er the cellar wall
Tossed, huge and shapeless, dim and tall !
What eerie sounds from rock and bin,
And casks that pent real spirits in ?

The spigot turned, both heads bent low
To watch the amber current flow.
The candle-light flared strangely dim —
The pitcher must not overbrim.

So close, so close, our faces drew,
Our lips had touched before we knew ;
And ere they parted — rogues disgraced ! —
Six quarts of cider went to waste !

UNKNOWN.

GOING FOR CIDER.

Little Miss Betty is every one's girl ;
There is always something for her to do ;
Every one wants her, and no one can wait,
And Betty is watchful, willing, and true.

And Betty is *brave*? Oh, yes, none can deny
She's brave as a lion, I'd have you to know,
Until (keep the secret) when evening has come,
And *after the cider* poor Betty must go.

Ugh! deep is the cellar, and dark is the way,
And ghostly the shadows that flicker and glare :
What wonder that Betty stands still on the stair,
Her little heart filled with a terrible scare !

But courage, my girl, for the cellar 's the same
As when in the morning for *wood* you must go;
All cellars at night have a terrible name,
But—it isn't the *fault of the cellar*, you know.

GRACE OVER A GLASS OF CIDER.

(Associated with a barrel in my cellar.)

To GENERAL A. S. PIATT.

Not only unto you, whose press and vat
Produced your gift directly, dear Piatt,
Are due the thanks which, warm-at-heart, are mine ; —
The great Fruit-Giver owns your thanks and mine :
Thanks for the blossoms, April-fragrant, first ;
Thanks for the sunshine which those blossoms nursed
And turned the lances of the lingering frost ;
Thanks for the rain, so priceless, without cost, —
The holy water, from Heaven's blessing hands,
Without which all our fields were desert lands ;
Thanks for the Summer's long increase of heat,
Bringing the apples, mellow, juiced, and sweet,
In a long shower of gold at Autumn's feet ;
After these thanks are given (put yours with mine),
I thank you much and drink your apple wine.

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1867.

“ *Little New World Idyls and Other Poems.* ”
London : Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

THE YANKEE CIDER PEDDLER.

When Autumn wore her russet gown,
 With gold and crimson border,
 When singin' schools were in each town
 And huskin' bees in order,
 Pears grew ripe, the plums turned blue
 Or ruddy, on their edges
 Clover-heads were tinged brown, too,
 And nuts lay thick in hedges.
 Then sounding here, there,
 Everywhere, came
 “Cider! Cider!
 Ci-der!”

When frost had stung each twisted vine
 And turned its grapes far sweeter,
 Apples grew red in rosy line, —
 No maiden e'er blushed neater!
 Nights had changed and were quite long,
 When, tart as unripe medlar,
 Came the voice, in sharp, shrill song,
 Of the queer old cider peddler,
 With his “Cider there!
 Cider! Cider!
 Ci-der!”

The peddler had a merry eye,
 His cheek was like a Baldwin;
 His brow could with the Russet vie;
 They called him “Old Josh Caldwin.”
 His hand was hard as apple-root,
 His heart fresh as a Pippin,
 His voice grew mellow as ripe fruit,
 From cider he kept sippin', —
 And called “Cider!
 Twenty a gallon!
 Ci-der!”

When this old peddler went his way,
 With barrel, horse and wagon,
 He heard what each one had to say,
 And news he found to brag on.
 Through each street of every town
 He spread New England's glory
 By shouting loudly up and down
 The same old rhythmic story
 Of "Cider ! Cider !
 Cider there ! Cider !
 Ci-der ! "

To singin' school he always came,
 And listened under cover ;
 For singin' schools were just the same
 As when he was a lover.
 He never passed a huskin' bee,
 Nor lost sight of the kissin' ;
 The red ear found, the maid to see
 Was joy he'd not be missin'.
 Then his cry was "Sweet
 Cider ! Cider there !
 Ci-der ! "

He waked the sick, the cross, the old, —
 Complaint gave him no worry ;
 He felt no tire nor ache nor cold,
 And knew not time nor hurry.
 All through the chill Autumnal night
 The old man kept on singing.
 Then may he live — this doughty wight —
 And keep the same tune ringing !
 "Cider ! Cider there !
 Cider there ! Cider !
 Ci-der ! "

IN PRAISE OF SWEET CIDER.

Sing ho for the cider,
The good ruddy cider,
The sweet mellow cider, our cellars to fill !
Once more to the cider !
The smooth flowing cider,
The merry brown cider that comes from the mill !

We picked up the apples, my sisters and I,
By pasture and lane when the weather was dry ;
With baskets and oxen the gleaning was done,
And each gnarly cheek kindled warm toward the sun.
They blush in the cider,
The sweet common cider,
The sunny brown cider that comes from the mill !

We drove to the valley, the cart jogging slow
With red fruit and yellow, — a right pretty show ;
And hissing and gurgling, as twilight grew dim,
The round, patient hogsheads were filled to the brim.
At last, 'tis the cider,
The dear honest cider,
The genial brown cider that comes from the mill !

As wholesome as honey, as sound as the comb,
It smacks of October, it savors of home :
I shut my eyes softly, and over me steal
The drone of the press and the splash of the wheel.
So rare is the cider,
The red, foamy cider,
The sweet, tawny cider that comes from the mill !

Then here's to the cider,
The good mellow cider
That none but New England can rightly distill.
Once more to the cider !
The free flowing cider,
The merry brown cider that comes from the mill !

DORA READ GOODALE.

Good Housekeeping. September, 1889.

O CIDER JUG!

O cider jug that touched the lips
In kiss that softly closed and clung !
No Spanish wine the tippler sips,
Or port the poet's praise has sung,
Such pure, untainted sweetness yields
As cider jug in harvest fields.

I see it now ! a clover leaf
Outspread upon its sweating side.
As from the standing sheaf
I pluck and swing it high, the wide
Field glows with noonday heat ;
The winds are tangled in the wheat.

The myriad crickets blithely cheep ;
Across the swash of ripened grain
I see the burnished reaper creep ;
The lunch-boy comes, and once again
The jug its amber coolness yields,—
O cider jug in harvest fields !

UNKNOWN.

SWEET CIDER.

Soul of the apple glorified !
In a sudden flush of pride,
I would send this blameless beaker
To that mellow pleasure-seeker,
Old Anacreon, with this boast :
“ Take some joy on Pluto’s coast ;
Here’s a drink with more sunshine
Than e’er laughed in Levant wine ! ”

EDITH M. THOMAS.

“ *Lyrics and Sonnets.* ”
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

SWEET AND SOUR.

A fellow gathered apples
One September afternoon,
And, thinking of his loved one, said,
“I may be ‘side her soon.”

But the apples might have answered :
“Don’t you brag so, like a loon.
We’re as good as any lover,
For we may be cider soon!”

FRANK T. PALMER.

SONG OF THE CIDER.

Sunrise in de orchard ! Eas' win' blowin' cool !
 Bring dem bushel hampahs en dat pressin' mule ;
 Geddah up dem apples till dat bowl am full ;
 Tuhn aroun' dat pressah, staht dat mule to pull.

Oh, hustle in de orchard wid de sunrise breeze,
 En de song ob cidah am squeeze ! squeeze ! squeeze !

Noonday in de orchard ! Hottah am de sun !
 See dem apples crushin', see dat cidah run ;
 Dinnah hohn a-tootin', dess an houh to cool,
 Smoke yo' pipe, en whistle, en res' ol' bruddah mule.

Oh, heah dem birds a singin' up yandah in de trees,
 En de song ob cidah am squeeze ! squeeze ! squeeze !

Late noon in de orchard ! Git to wuk agin !
 Hustle up dem apples, let dat pressah spin ;
 Let her groan en tremble, let dat levah creak ;
 Hol' yo' hat foh drippin's when dat pressah leak.

Oh, listen to dat mockah en heah dat jay bird tease,
 En de song ob cidah am squeeze ! squeeze ! squeeze !

Sunset in de orchard ! Night win' fan yo' cheek !
 Twenty barrels brimmin', still dat pressah leak ;
 Lil' bit foh de darky, dat am only faih.
 Two cups full ob cidah am de pressah's shahe.

Drink yo' shahe ob cidah, yallah wasps en bees,
 En de song ob cidah am squeeze ! squeeze ! squeeze !

THE ARBOUR.

Oh, the tap-room in the Winter
 When the ground is white with snow,
 But the arbour in the summer
 When the honeysuckles blow !
 So, landlord, ice and cider,
 And put rose-leaves in the beer ;
 And we'll drink with any fellow
 Who will pay his footing here !

Oh, a nightingale is singing
 In the lilac on the lawn,
 And we'll join him in his chorus
 Till the day begins to dawn !
 So, landlord, ice the cider,
 And put rose-leaves in the beer ;
 And we'll drink with any fellow
 Who will pay his footing here !

Oh, the moon lights up the lilies
 Through the blossoms on the lime ;
 But the rising sun is better
 For a clock for closing time !
 So, landlord, ice the cider,
 And put rose-leaves in the beer ;
 And we'll drink with any fellow
 Who will pay his footing here !

C. W. DALMON.

“Song Favours.” London: John Lane. 1895.

THE CIDER 'S GITTIN' LOW.

When the farmer's stock of fodder
 He has placed within the barn,
 When he's gathered all the apples
 And has placed them safe from harm,
 When the butchering is over,
 Then the farmer feels so-so ;
 But he's always sort of worried,
 Fears the cider 's gittin' low.

He sees the sign of Winter
 In the breast-bone of the fowl ;
 And he fears a spell of weather,
 For he's heard a tooting owl.
 As he fills the yawning wood-box,
 He remarks, " It's going to snow."
 Then he says, " We must be keerful,
 For the cider 's gittin' low."

When the cold and snapping breezes
 Bend the sere and leafless trees,
 When a pile of feathery snowflakes
 Is the most a farmer sees,
 Then he comes in from the tavern,
 And he whispers rather slow,
 " Going to be a freezin' winter,
 And the cider 's gittin' low."

So throughout the Winter season
 And a part-way through the spring
 The farmer feeds the cattle,
 And doesn't say a thing ;
 But when he sees us drinking,
 With his face expressing woe,
 He remarks, while helping mother,
 That " the cider 's gittin' low."

THE OLD CIDER BARREL.

How clear to my vision 's an old cider barrel,
 As fond recollection presents it to view ;
 The place where it rested, down in the dark cellar,
 Is as fresh in my mind as it ever was, too !
 The old whitewashed wall and the bins that stood by it,
 The apples, potatoes, and things that were penned
 Up there, in the cool and the damp-bottomed cellar,
 Where the old cider barrel stood up on one end, —
 The old cider barrel, the hard cider barrel,
 The iron-hooped barrel that stood up on end.

Once, armed with a gimlet, I went to that barrel, —
 Dear father and mother had gone for the day ;
 I bored a small hole, and I put a straw through it,
 And for half an hour kept sucking away.
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure
 Till things in my vision seemed softly to blend,
 And I couldn't have told whether I or the barrel
 Was lying or still standing up on one end, —
 The old cider barrel, the hard cider barrel,
 The iron-hooped barrel that stood up on end.

Somehow I got out of the old whitewashed cellar,
 And whooped and hurrahed and made merry awhile ;
 They say that my shouting aroused all the neighbors
 Who lived in a circle of less than a mile.
 At last my fond parents came home from their visit,
 And then to my case did dear father attend !
 Oh, golly ! I feel that old strap at this minute !
 And I swore off on barrels that stood up on end, —
 The old cider barrel, the hard cider barrel,
 I've sworn off on barrels that stand up on end.

TO THE RED APPLE'S JUICE.

Here's a tune to the red apple,
Whose hues impress me as the flushes
Of the loved one's cheek. Its brittle skin,
As thin as is her anger; and its juice
That, bubbling, hastens for its freedom,
As sweet as her dear self. No nectar
Hath half its charms of flavor. The health
It brings outwits the herbs of medicine.
A joy to the stomach. A brisk bracer
Of genius. Hail, base of the stone fence,
That makes the country swain so mellow !
Best of the year's fruits. Now where's the man
Who wouldn't eat a red apple ?

FRANK J. GALLAGHER.

WATER, FAT, AND CIDER.

Uncle Daniel loved to fish, an' next he loved to eat 'em ;
He'd a way o' tellin' folks jest how ter cook an' treat 'em.
Sed fish orter swim three times afore it's fit fer chewin'.
That air recipe, I guess, was some o' his own doin'.
Here's the rule he give, as he rubbed out his stummick wider :
" Onct in water, onct in fat, an' onct agin in cider."

Onct in water ! That's all right, — why, that's the place fer swimmin'.
Uncle Daniel had that right, it don't need any trimmin',
Onct in fat ! Now what's the use a-makin' things so greasy ?
That's jest what the cider's fer, — ter make it go down easy.
Hev ter make the cider jug cure sickness in the spider.
Onct in water ! Swim in fat jest makes ye call fer cider.

American Cider Maker.

UNKNOWN.

WHEN DE CIDER SUZZLES.

'Rastus, heap de wood up,
 An' make de chimney roar ;
 Fas'en down de winders
 An' de button on de door ;
 Hustle up de apples
 From de furder cellar bin ;
 But doan furgit de cider, chile,
 An' put de peppers in.
 Dar's nuffin so delightin'
 Like de suzzle ob de juice
 To de guzzle's in'ard sluice ;
 Dar's nuffin' so invitin'
 Like prime ole cider slidin',
 Wid de pepper dat am hot,
 Down from de gates ob paradise
 To strike dat same old spot.

YABLOCHNI KVAS (Apple Cider).

Folk fit to be of Bacchus' train, so quaffing is their kind ;
Drink is their whole desire, the pot is all their pride.
The soberest head doth once a day stand needful of a guide ;
If he to banquet bid his friends, he will not shrink
On them at dinner to bestow a dozen kinds of drink,—
Such liquor as they have, and as the country gives ;
But chiefly two, one called Kvas, whereby the Moujik lives,
Small ware and waterlike, but somewhat tart in taste ;
The rest is mead, of honey made, wherewith their lips they baste.

RUSSIA, 1568.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

THE BACK NUMBER CIDER-MILL.

How well we remember some scenes of our childhood,—
 Like the old squeaking cider-mill brought into play,
 With the old spavined horse, as he slowly went round it,
 To crush all the apples that came in the way !
 Though young, yet we had such exquisite pleasure,
 With the boys of our age, when it came to the day !
 For the old horse, we'd ride her,
 And sometimes suck cider
 Through the straws, for the purpose so long laid away.
 But 'twas not always pleasure,
 When we found that our leisure
 Was, in front of the mill, no matter how cold,
 For to scrape the crushed apple,
 Which, with squirt and a rattle,
 Came through the old cog-wheel in our face as it whirled.
 And, when all completed,
 The apples thus treated,
 On the press, in some straw, were made nicely to lay ;
 Then all hands on the lever,
 To screw down with such pressure—
 To the tub the new cider ran, sparkling, away.
 But now the old cider-mill 's quietly rotting
 By some fence or stone wall or some nook, laid away ;
 While the new-fangled grater,
 With steam for a motor,
 Does more work in an hour than the old one all day.

THE CIDER-MILL.

Through the years I send you greeting,
 Long-forgotten cider-mill ;
 Like an echo from my childhood,
 I can hear your music still,
 Creaking, creaking,
 Slowly creaking,
 While the horse goes round ;
 Keeping time, in woful squeaking,
 To the laughter and the shrieking,
 And the shouts of merriment ;
 Till again I catch the scent
 Of the russet pomace steaming ;
 And again, in wistful dreaming,
 I can see the mellow splendor
 Of the luscious apple gleaming,
 Heaped upon the swarded ground.

Oh, the amber-tinted cider !
 How it bubbled, how it flowed !
 In the gold of Autumn sunshine,
 How it glistened, how it glowed !
 How it darkled,
 How it sparkled,
 With a glitter as it ran !
 How it gurgled, trickling, rushing,
 Foaming, frothing, leaping, gushing,
 As no other liquid can !
 Then, in wanton idleness,
 How it loitered, slipping, slipping,
 While the honey-bees were sipping
 Draughts of beaded nectar
 From the brown drops dripping, dripping
 O'er the red lips of the press !

Idle dreams! Again I draw
 Through a yellow barley-straw
 Magic vintage, sweeter, rarer,
 Than Olympian wine, forsooth ;
 And my eager lips I steep,
 Drinking long and drinking deep,
 Till my shrivelled cheeks are ruddy
 With the long-lost glow of youth.

Long embalmed in dusty silence,
 Shrouded with the rust of years,—
 Old companion, here I pledge you
 In a brimming cup of tears.

Vacant places,
 Vanished faces,
 From the shadows speak to me.
 Boyish lips now mute forever,
 Hands estranged, that I may never
 Clasp save in eternity,
 With your song has passed away
 Boyhood's wealth of lusty treasure,
 Sunny hours of careless pleasure ;
 And my heart, grown old in sorrow,
 Marches to a sadder measure.
 You and I have had our days.

THE CIDER-MILL.

Under the blue New England skies,
Flooded with sunshine, a valley lies.

The mountains clasp it, warm and sweet,
Like a sunny child, to their rocky feet.

Three pearly lakes and a hundred streams
Lie on its quiet heart of dreams.

Its meadows are greenest ever seen ;
Its harvest fields have the brightest sheen ;

Through its trees the softest sunlight shakes,
And the whitest lilies gem its lakes.

I love, oh ! better than words can tell,
Its every rock and grove and dell ;

But most I love the gorge where the rill
Comes down by the old brown cider-mill.

Above, the clear springs gurgle out ;
And the upper meadows wind about,

Then join, and under willows flow
Round knolls where blue-beech whip-stocks grow,

To rest in a shaded pool that keeps
The oak-trees clasped in its crystal deeps.

Sheer twenty feet the water falls
Down from the old dam's broken walls,

Spatters the knobby boulders gray,
And, laughing, hies in the shade away,

Under great roots, through trout pools still,
With many a tumble, down to the mill.

All the way down the nut-trees grow,
And squirrels hide above and below.

Acorns, beechnuts, chestnuts there
Drop all the Fall through the hazy air ;

And burrs roll down with curled-up leaves,
In the mellow light of harvest eves.

For ever there the still, old trees
 Drink a wine of peace that has no lees.

By the roadside stands the cider-mill,
 Where a lowland slumber waits the rill,—

A great brown building, two stories high,
 On the western hill-face, warm and dry ;

And odorous piles of apples there
 Fill with incense the golden air ;

And heaps of pomace, mixed with straw,
 To their amber sweets the late flies draw

The carts back up to the upper door,
 And spill their treasures in on the floor ;

Down through the toothed wheels they go
 To the wide, deep cider-press below ;

And the screws are turned by slow degrees
 Down on the straw-laid cider cheese ;

And with each turn a fuller stream
 Bursts from beneath the groaning beam,—

An amber stream the gods might sip,
 And fear no morrow's parched lip.

But wherefore gods ? Those ideal toys
 Were soulless to real New England boys.

What classic goblet ever felt
 Such thrilling touches through it melt

As throb electric along a straw
 When boyish lips the cider draw ?

The years are heavy with weary sounds,
 And their discord life's sweet music drowns ;

But yet I hear, oh ! sweet, oh ! sweet,
 The rill that bathed my bare brown feet ;

And yet the cider drips and falls
 On my inward ear at intervals ;

And I lean at times, in a sad, sweet dream,
 To the babbling of that little stream,

And sit in a visioned Autumn, still,
 In the sunny door of the cider-mill.

THE OLD CIDER-MILL.

Just at the hour when chanticleer
 Wakes his harem with lusty crow,
 I turn on my pillow, and seem to hear
 A welcome sound from the world below.
 It is not the chirp of the early bird,
 Nor the passing milkman's sonorous thrill
 Whose homely call in my dream is heard,
 But the musical grind of the cider-mill,
 Mingled with father's commanding tones,
 Urging the horse and "danging" his bones.

The old mill stood by the road so wide,—
 "G-round, g-round, g-round, g'-r-o-u-n-d ;"
 Time and wear and rust it defied,—
 "G-round, g-round, g-round, g'-r-o-u-n-d ;"
 Its music silenced the cricket's note,—
 "G-round, g-round, g-round, g'-r-o-u-n-d ;"
 Its juices tickled each thirsty throat,—
 "G-round, g-round, g-round, g'-r-o-u-n-d ;"
 The good horse turned it with a will,
 And nectar press'd from the old cider-mill.

O years that are gone, come back again,
 And find in my pillow a rose-leaf dream ;
 Take out of my heart this smarting pain,—
 Make all things really what now they seem ;
 Bring the eyes that had never learned to weep ;
 Bring the slumber that held me at early dawn ;
 Awake me, as then, from sweet boyish sleep
 To weed the garden or hoe the corn,
 To the tune of father's "Git up thar, Bill,"
 To the horse that circled the cider-mill.

THE OLD CIDER-MILL.

You can have your tinted clarets and your wines both old and rare,
 You can have your sparkling champagnes if you will :
 As for me, I have a yearning for the cider-mill that's turning
 And producing joy and sunshine in the shade of Martin's mill.

Oh, the old cider-mill,
 Standing close beneath the hill,
 Where we passed so many hours with a straw held in the foam
 I can see it plain as day,
 Though it's many miles away, —
 'Tis a bright and golden mem'ry of my boyhood's country home.

I can see the old horse treading, I can hear the grinding cogs,
 I can see the juices running down the cheese ;
 I can see a youngster kneeling with a sweet, contented feeling,
 With a straw poked in the liquid, such a thirsting to appease !

O luscious cider-mill,
 You are turning, turning still.

Two hundred miles divide us, and regret steals in to-day ;
 But, if I had a straw
 That would reach you, I would draw
 And draw until I fetched you in the good old-fashioned way.

THE OLD CIDER-MILL.

" 'Nd steamin' up intu my old nose
Comes the smell that a cider-mill only knows."

I allers have said, 'nd I say it yit,
That, if I could be young agin
Fur fifteen minutes, I'd make a bee-line
Tu the old mill hidden by tangled vine,
Where the apples were piled in heaps around,
Red, yaller, 'nd streaked, all over the ground,
'Nd the old sleepy hoss went round 'nd round,
'Nd drew the wheel that the apples ground.

Straight fur that old cider-mill I would start
With light bare feet 'nd a lighter heart,
With a smilin' face in an old straw hat,
'Nd hum-made breeches, 'nd all of that ;
'Nd, when I got thar, I would take a peep,
Tu see if Cider-mill John was asleep ;
Then, if he was, I'd go huntin' around,
Till a good, big, long rye-straw I found.

Then I'd straddle a bar'l 'nd quick begin
Tu fill right up with juice tu my chin,
With a straw a sorter connectin' link
Twixt it 'nd me; 'nd I railly think
That the happiest boy you ever saw
Would be at the end of that rye-straw,
So long as his power o' suction stood
The strain 'nd the cider tasted good.

As old as I am, I can shet my eyes,
'Nd see the yaller-jackets 'nd flies
A-swarmin' around the juicy cheese
'Nd bung-holes, drinkin' as much as they please.
I can see the rich, sweet cider flow
From under the press to the tub below,
'Nd steamin' up intu my old nose
Comes the smell that a cider-mill only knows.

You may tell all about yer fine Old Crow,
Yer champagne, sherry, 'nd so 'nd so,
'Nd anythin' else from the press or still;
But gimme the juice from that old mill,
With a straw 'nd a small boy's suction power,
'Nd appetite, fur a quarter of 'n hour,
'Nd I will forego furevermore
All lickers known on this airthly shore.

WILLIAM EDWARD PENNY.

THE OLD CIDER-MILL.

In the early days of Autumn, when the maples put on their red,
 And the asters along the roadside bloomed thick in their ferny bed,
 The farmers' lumbering ox-carts toiled and creaked as they climbed the hill,
 Loaded with Russets and Pippins to be ground at the cider-mill.

The mill stood under the shadow of some sheltering chestnut-trees,
 And the pewee mustered her feathery brood beneath the moss-grown eaves ;
 And, when the great door stood open, you could see through the airy space,
 Like a misty cloud in the distance, dim Chocorua's storm-scarred face.

Across the shimmering meadows where the running brook crept slow,
 The royal cardinal flowers flamed out in gorgeous scarlet glow ;
 And high on the rock-ribbed hilltop, in sentinel phalanx grim,
 The tall pines stood, and the west wind sang in their boughs its grand old
 hymn.

The bony white horse went gravely on his tireless, circling round,
 Turning the sweep that propelled the mill ; and when the apples were ground,
 He turned his wise long head, and stood like a statue grave and still,
 And you almost fancied he was a part of that old-time cider-mill.

The apple juice in an amber flood dripped into the trough below,
 And the honey-bee on the pomace heap buzzed briskly to and fro ;
 And the school-boy stopped on his homeward way, despite the master's law,
 And bowed his freckled face low as he sucked the cider through a straw.

Time's ceaseless course has brought around two score of Autumns calm,
 And the school-boy's steps have strayed afar to the land of date and palm ;
 The farmers sleep in their grass-grown beds by the drowsy river's flow,
 And the old white horse long, long ago was food for the carrion crow.

But the Autumn nights are sweet and fair with their foreheads wet with dew,
 And the white-fleeced clouds dissolve and part to let the moonlight through ;
 The Great Bear pales in the ruddy glow of the leaping northern lights,
 And the strong and sinewy winds plunge down from the mountains' craggy
 heights.

And Chocorua rises up in the blue to meet the sun's first kiss
When the new day springs from her star-gemmed couch and sleep of royal
 bliss ;
The pines still play their subtle flutes on the top of the high-heaved hill,
But a heap of stones is all that's left of the old-time cider-mill.

American Agriculturist. October 6, 1895.

CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE OLD CIDER-MILL.

Just now, when ripened punkins shine
 In tangled net o' old dead vine,
 And farmers bark their stiffened knees
 A-knocking apples offn trees,
 Ter sort 'n barrel up ter keep,
 And pile the small ones in a heap,
 Somehow I kinder hear it still,—
 My dad's old creakin' cider-mill.

We used ter cut a lot er hay ;
 And, when we had that stowed away,
 We'd fill the silo way up chock
 With ensilage fer all th' stock,
 Get all th' squash an' 'taters in,
 And fill the long, deep apple-bin ;
 Then on the sweep we'd hitch "Old Bill,"
 And start that creakin' cider-mill

Grindin' apples,— some worms, I guess,—
 Then screw down hard the old wood press,
 Till from th' hollered trough would drip
 A nectar fit fer prince's lip,
 That works with age, and, gettin' keen,
 Adds lots er smack to good old beans ;
 Don't taste good now, an' never will,
 Since dad stopp'd runnin' ther cider-mill.

Lots er things have changed since then,
 Fer beardless boys have changed to men ;
 Through years of toil they've struggled on
 Ter keep the farms where they were born.
 Those country girls, with hearts so gay,
 Are married now or passed away.
 But them that's livin' love it still,—
 Ther mem'ry of that cider-mill.

STILL.

SESSEX COUNTY APPLE-JACK.

Sessex County a pple-jack,—
 Fill the jug, and hurry back ;
 Whether sick er well I be,
 That's the medicine fer me.
 In the Winter, then she's prime,
 Cools me off in summer-time ;
 She's a-comin', clear the track, —
 Sessex County apple-jack !

Sessex County apple-jack,
 Good fer all, both white and black ;
 Jug 's the thing to hold the stuff ;
 'Bout a gallon, that's enough ;
 Cobwebs clingin' round the top, —
 Keerful ! don't you spill a drop ;
 Raise her up and take a smack, —
 Sessex County apple-jack !

Here's to sun and here's to breeze
 Flirtin' with them apple-trees,
 Makin' them "Cart Houses" blush,
 Red and ripe and juicy — hush !
 Then, when heavy on the stem,
 Red-cheeked gals come gather them, —
 Laugh until your gizzards crack, —
 Sessex County apple-jack !

Makin' cider by and by ;
 Take a little on the sly, —
 Sort of scrunchin' out the juice,
 Way the fellers calls "perfuse."
 Then you pour it in the still,
 Bile it fer a spell, until
 Drap by drap it's comin' back, —
 Sessex County apple-jack !

S'pose a feller was a king,
Rich, and all that sort o' thing,
Pie fer dinner every day,
Good cigars to throw away,
Stove-pipe hat and all complete,
Patent luthers on his feet.
Happy? Not ef he should lack
Sessex County apple-jack!

Milford News and Advertiser.

G. B. HYNSON.

NOTE.—Among the enticing products of Delaware there is, perhaps, none more seductive than the famous brand of apple-jack made from the incomparable fruit of old Sussex County apple orchards, and to be found on the sideboards and in the cupboards of every resident of the lower end of the Diamond State.

THE DRINKING OF THE APPLE-JACK.

Come, let us drink the apple-jack !
 Cut the tough lemon with the blade ;
 Hot let the water then be made ;
 Then gently pour the liquor ; then
 Sift the white sugar in with care,
 And mix them all as gingerly
 As poets mingle rhythmic feet
 To print in some aesthetic sheet :
 So we mix the apple-jack.

What drink we in the apple-jack ?
 Buds, which the sprees of nights and days
 Shall swell to blossoms all ablaze ;
 Spots, where the rash, a crimson guest,
 Shall put our good looks to the test.
 We drink, from the distillery,
 A balm for each ill-omened hour,
 A pleasant alcoholic shower,
 When we drink the apple-jack.

What drink we in the apple-jack ?
 Sweets, from the Jersey farm of Springs,
 That load the wagons, carts, and things,
 When from the orchard row he pours
 His fruit to the distillery doors ;
 And toddy-blossoms, red that be.
 Drinks for the sick man's silent room,
 For the *bon vivant* rosy bloom,
 We brew with the apple-jack.

What drink we in the apple-jack ?
 Heads that shall swell in sunny June,
 To ache like fun in the August noon,
 And droop as sober folks come by

Under the blue September sky ;
 And fellows, wild with noisy glee,
 Shall breathe strong fragrance as they pass,
 And tumble on the tufted grass,—
 The effect of the apple-jack.

And when above this apple-jack
 The silver spoons are quivering bright,
 And songs go howling through the night,
 We, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
 Shall quaff our punch by cottage hearth ;
 And guests in prouder homes shall see,
 Beside the red blood of the grape,
 A bottle of a different shape,—
 The bottle of the apple-jack.

The glory of this apple-jack
 Winds and our flag of stripe and star
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
 When men shall drink till all is blue
 The apple-jack of Sandynew ;
 And they who roam upon the sea
 Shall mourn the past but happy day
 When grog made labor seem like play,—
 The day of the apple-jack.

Each year shall give this apple-jack
 A mellower taste, a warmer bloom,
 A potency 'gainst mopes and gloom,
 And make it, when the frost-clouds lower,
 A thing for punch of wondrous power.
 The years shall come and pass; but we
 Shall grow no better where we lie,
 While Summer's songs and Autumn's sigh
 Shall ripen the apple-jack.

And time shall waste this apple-jack !
 Oh, when its aged barrels grow
 Light, as the rare old juice runs low,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will.
 Oppress us with a Maine-law bill ?
 What shall the tasks of mercy be,
 Amid the todless toper's tears,
 If this should come, when length of years
 Is wasting this apple-jack ?

“ Who barrelled this old apple-jack ? ”
The bibbers of that distant day
Thus to some aged sport shall say ;
And, fingering his goblet’s stem,
The gray-haired sage shall answer them :
“ A poet of Jersey fame was he,
Born in the heavy drinking times ;
’Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On drinking the apple-jack ! ”

New York Commercial Advertiser.

GEORGE ARNOLD.



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